At Ease

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at https://archiveofourown.org/works/72545306.

Rating:
Explicit

Archive Warning:
Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings

Category:
M/M

Fandom:
Boots (TV)

Relationship:
Cameron Cope/Sergeant Sullivan

Characters:
Cameron Cope, Sergeant Liam Robert "Bobby" Sullivan

Additional Tags:
Explicit Sexual Content, Dubious Consent, Plot What Plot/Porn Without Plot, Sullivan Is Obsessed With Cope, Cope Is Kinda Afraid Of Sullivan, Resolved Sexual Tension, hear me out, Gentle Sex, Grinding, Oral Sex, Office Sex, no beta we die like ochua, rip baby, Fluff, Kinda

Language:
English

Stats:
Published: 2025-10-15 Words: 2,416 Chapters: 1/1

At Ease

by enbyguously (enbyguous)

Summary

Cope and Sergeant Sullivan break that sexual tension that is palpable through the fucking screen.

Notes

soooooo i had to do something about them apparently, and i've been possessed. Also, I started writing that before I even finished the show, bc that's how ingrained in my head they were. So hopefully it will make sense, if not, well, that's the game of fan fiction for you. let's say this happens some time after the dumpster scene

also, i wrote this before hotshot Jones entered the chat, so if he doesn't leave my mind, i might have to write a Cope/Jones pretty soon, who knows what will happen, certainly not me

hope anyone stumbling onto this will like it, it was so much fun writing it

See the end of the work for more notes

- Translation into Русский available: Вольно by mydearhandel

Cameron startled when he heard boots resonating in the little office. He didn't need to turn around to know who they belonged to. Sure and heavy steps, jaw set and piercing blue eyes. He gulped, trying to steady his breathing, trying not to bring attention to himself. Maybe Sergeant Sullivan didn't notice him.

But of course he did. It seemed like he *always* did, no matter how Cameron tried to do things right, it was never enough. The Sergeant had him in his scope and he itched to pull the trigger. And then, somehow, he cut him some slack. But he was no less always there, no. But no longer probing him, testing him. But watching. Assessing.

Cameron's pulse spiked whenever he was near, whenever he felt those eyes staring right at him, as if he could see inside of him, picking him apart and back together like his most trusted rifle.

He never knew how to stand around him, so now, he just stood there, not moving an inch, barely daring to take a breath.

The boots had stopped. Sergeant Sullivan was near, Cameron could feel it, could sense it. Something was unusual. Normally, he would have already shouted seemingly out of the blue, telling him to get the fuck out of here.

Before Cameron could decide what to do, maybe turn around, leave without being ordered to, *something*, the Sergeant pressed into his back, his ragged breaths right in his ear. Cameron stilled impossibly more, his heart threatening to beat out of his chest.

Two hands came to his hips, strong and still, fingertips digging into bone. He felt the Sergeant's breath stutter and Cameron swallowed his own saliva.

"Do you have any idea," he started, voice low and slightly shaky, shooting directly to Cameron's cock. He fucking hoped he wouldn't make him turn around or he would be discovered and expelled and god knew what else. "What you do to me?" He finished, and *fuck* Cameron had to bite back a moan, shivers blooming all over his skin.

"I don't think I do, Sir," Cameron willed himself to answer after a beat. He felt his skin buzzing, his fingers starting to twitch. But two strong hands held him in place. The mix of fear and arousal and anticipation was like nothing he felt before, his cock straining his pants, so hard it ached. He wondered if the Sergeant could see a blush blooming on the back of his neck.

"Would you like to know, *Cameron*?" He all but purred, his warm lips so close to his neck.

"Fuck," he heard himself *whimper*. "Yes."

His head dropped back, landing on the other man's firm chest, whose fingers seemed to dig deeper into his skin. And he could feel him, hard, pressing in the small of his back, right above his ass.

Both of their breaths grew heavier, and he could feel the Sergeant's chest expanding and deflating from his back. He didn't dare moving, too afraid to break whatever the fuck was going on. Until he couldn't stand it anymore. He didn't mean it, but he moved his hips on instinct, chasing some kind of friction, *anything*.

The Sergeant hissed loudly, as if in pain, and dropped his head on Cameron's shoulder.

So Cameron did it again, because it felt amazing, seeing him in such a state. The feel of him at his back, his strong palms pining him in place.

"*Stop*," he hissed again, but still held him flush against him. "Fuck, stop doing that or we're gonna have a problem," his voice was ragged, raw, and it shot like fire in his veins.

"I'm trying. Sir," Cameron answered, eyes tightly shut and jaw clenched.

Cameron heard him inhale deeply, before peeling himself off him, leaving him cold, barely able to stand on his own two feet. The Sergeant's hands were the last to go, and he heard him walk away, a chair sliding, sitting.

"You can go, recruit," his voice had gone back to normal.

"I—" Cameron swallowed. "I need a minute. Sir."

A loud thud reverberated in the tiny room, making Cameron flinch. He risked a glance to his left, towards the desk.

Sergeant had his two hands clenched into fists, one at his mouth, one on the desk he just punched. His eyes were shut, and he was trying to regain control over his breathing.

Cameron could barely believe he was the cause of all that. He wanted

to walk to him, straddle his strong thighs, lick his neck, drop on his knees before him—

Cameron blinked and got out of the room.

There was not one corner of this place that was private. Not one place where he could jerk off in peace.

At least, Sergeant had the office for him, he could take care of his very hard problem. It didn't help one bit to imagine him pulling himself out in his seat, his strong hands palming himself, his thumb dragging over his tip—

Cameron was so so fucked.

He stormed out of the facilities, taking deep breaths into the evening air. All he could think about was absolutely not helping him. He couldn't tear his mind away from how he had looked, how he had *felt*, all pressed against him, his warm breaths caressing the shell of his ear.

Fuck.

Cameron rested his forehead on the cool stone of the wall, taking deep breaths through his nose, trying to blank his mind out.

"Those sick fantasies of yours could have finally come true," his own voice sighed beside him. "And you blew it away. When all you had to do was to blow *him*."

"Get lost," Cameron answered, tapping his head on the wall.

"I *knew* there was something about him," he bit his lower lip. "The way he looks at us sometimes? Come on, dude is wet dream."

"Yes," he gritted back. "I can't do shit about it, so shut it."

"Don't cream your pants during the night, that would be a very embarrassing way of waking up," he chuckled like a huge prat.

Thankfully, Cameron didn't come in his sleep, but he still woke up thinking about Sergeant's ragged breathing.

For two days he didn't acknowledge him. Didn't look in his direction. Nothing. Cameron was starting to believe he had dreamed the whole thing.

"Cope," he shouted in the dormitories, as everyone was bustling about.

Cameron straightened up and looked right ahead, avoiding the Sergeant's eyes as he stood before him.

"Where's the rounds schedule for this week?"

The sound of his voice directed at him made his cock twitch in his pants. He shut his eyes and clenched his jaw before answering. He made the mistake of looking directly to the Sergeant's eyes. His cock filled, and he joined his hands in front of his crotch.

The Sergeant's gaze travelled down, blinking for less than a second where his hands were joined. When his eyes went back up, he let out nothing show on his face. Or maybe Cameron did dream the whole thing up, and there was nothing to show at all.

"I didn't finish it, sir!" Cameron answered, loud and clear, his eyes fixed over the Sergeant's shoulder.

"What are you waiting for, recruit?"

"Sir, I don't know, sir!" He felt his heart thudding in his temples, his face warming up considerably.

"You bring it back as soon as possible," the Sergeant ordered. "At ease recruit," he turned and left the room.

It took a couple of seconds for Cameron's shoulders to relax, but he got into action, and sat on his bed, the notepad carefully placed to hide the dent of his pants.

Ten minutes later, Cameron stood on the threshold of the small office.

"Got the schedule, Sergeant, Sir," he exclaimed, back ramrod straight.

"Close the door, recruit."

Cameron blinked before getting into motion, anticipation flooding his body, his mind going fuzzy. He closed the door. And locked it. Without being asked to.

When he lifted his gaze to his Sergeant, he was met with piercing blue eyes. He was sitting, knees spread, an elbow propped on the armrest.

"Cope," he spoke and Cameron's heart hammered in his chest. He wondered if he was going to ask something of him, something he

shouldn't but that he really, really wanted to do anyway. He was pretty sure he would say yes to about anything at this point. "I—" The Sergeant, hesitated, and turned his gaze away, as if self conscious of something. "I wanted to apologise." Cameron's brows furrowed, feeling his stomach drop. "For my behaviour," he continued, still avoiding Cameron's eyes. "If you would like to report it, I'd completely understand—"

"What? I'm not going to report it, of course not," Cameron cut, way passed feeling guilty for interrupting a higher officer.

"I appreciate it. Greatly," Sergeant Sullivan looked back at him then. He looked so little suddenly. Cameron wanted that terrified look off his face.

"You don't need to *apologise*," Cameron bravely took a step forward. He thought he saw Sullivan lean back in the chair. "I thought—"

"Yes?" His jaw clenched and Cameron wanted to lick the muscle there.

"It's hard to focus on anything else and do my duties correctly, Sir," Cameron ventured, stepping closer and closer. Sergeant's eyes fleeted to the door, but he must have heard the click of the lock earlier, the *implications* of it. Cameron felt warm all over.

He lodged himself in the space between his commander's legs, and his breath hitched. The Sergeant's breathing already growing ragged, a strong hand Cameron had fantasised about over and over came and rested at his hip. Then the other at the other side. He lifted Cameron and sat him on the desk without a word.

They looked at each other, both of their chests heaving, and Cameron let out a curse when the Sergeant propped one of his legs on his thigh to start and untie his boots.

When he was done, he rose, and brought his face so close, Cameron thought he was finally going to be kissed, but he only felt his warm breath on his face. The Sergeant unbuckled Cameron's belt and pushed his trousers and his briefs down in one go.

Cameron's cock stood proud and twitched when Sergeant sat back in his chair, his hands running up Cameron's bare thighs, leaving goosebumps in their wake.

"Are you sure?" He tilted his head, pupils blown wide in the sky blue of his eyes. Cameron couldn't do much but nod, his mouth parted, lips

begging to be kissed. "Can I taste you, Cameron?"

"Fuck," Cameron's head dropped back and he blinked at the ceiling. "Yes, please, please—"

Sergeant's tongue slid up from base to tip in one long wet stripe that had Cameron's legs twitch. He pinned them with his hands, and propped one over his shoulder as he sealed his mouth on the tip of his cock, his tongue doing maddening patterns all over him.

Cameron breathed hard through his nose, not daring to look down or else he was very scared to come on the spot, and he wanted this to last, to never end, he wanted—

Fuck, he felt himself going deeper into the Sergeant's mouth, and he clung to the desk for dear life. Sergeant moaned when Cameron's cock hit the back of his throat, the vibrations making his world explode.

"Oh my god," he moaned as he clutched his shoulder.

The Sergeant let go of Cameron's cock with a pop, all swollen lips and rosy cheeks. He leaned, gliding his tongue over Cameron's lower stomach, while one of his hands came and grabbed him. A new sensation that had Cameron's hips jerk and curse softly.

His hand tightened a delicious pressure, and his thumb slid over the tip of his cock, smearing the precome all over while mouthing every bit of skin he had access to. Then he dipped, lower, and swiped his tongue over his balls as his fingers worked wonders.

Cameron couldn't control the moans and whimpers escaping him, feeling the telltale signs coil low in his stomach.

"Sergeant I'm gonna—fuck," he managed to say.

Cameron didn't expect him to swallow him again, but he did, and Cameron cursed out loud, his fingers digging into his shoulder. His hand now on his balls while the warm and wet heat of his mouth enveloped him blissfully once again. His tongue pressing right on the vein, Cameron felt his cock twitch like a last warning, and he came right into the Sergeant's hot mouth. He swallowed without pause, and the sight alone was close enough to make Cameron come undone a second time.

When Sergeant lifted his face to Cameron, who was still panting heavily, he sported a smile Cameron had never seen before, a glimmer

in his eyes that lit up his whole face. All this because of him, Cameron thought giddily, and so, he did what he wanted, and he leaned, pressing his mouth onto his. He felt the Sergeant melt into it, and finally their tongues met. Cameron moaned at the contact, and the Sergeant tightened his grip on his hips.

"You're something else, Cope," the Sergeant smiled against his mouth.

"I thought you hated me, I was so scared of you," Cameron confessed.

"I wanted you out," the Sergeant confirmed Cameron's fears as he grabbed his trousers from the floor. "But not for the reasons you might think," he frowned, and directed one of his foot to slide into the pant leg. Cameron let himself be dressed, and listened, carving into memory every quirk of the man's face. "I wanted to protect you, to give you a way *out*," he said, eyes meeting with his, so earnest. "It's a hard life for us, I wanted to spare you the trouble," he chuckled softly. Cameron buckled his belt on his own, and Sergeant got to put back his socks on. "But you don't go without a fight, do you, Cameron?" He was smiling then, and Cameron couldn't help but reciprocate. He slid a boot on, and Cameron used the Sergeant's thigh as leverage. "You're so strong. Resiliant," he breathed. "I couldn't take you out of my head."

"I'm glad you didn't," Cameron found himself answering.

Next thing he knew he was straddling his Sergeant, still sat in his chair and they kissed until they were both out of breath.

"Me too," the Sergeant answered, and crashed his mouth into Cameron's once again.

End Notes

yeehawwww

kudos and comments appreciated (euphemism)

Works inspired by this one

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!